



THE GETAWAY



Vol. XV.

OMAHA, NEBR., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1936

No. 23

BLASTED BUILDING BLASTED

New Getaway Office, Men's Smoking Room to Be Erected Soon By University Regents

GET-AWAY GROWS SMOKE IN PARLOR

We take great pleasure in announcing that The Getaway is going to have a new home. Plans have already been drawn up for a magnificent new marble edifice, towering some two-thirds stories into the air and covering 22 square feet.

The new structure, which is to be located where the County Courthouse now stands, will house the executive offices and press-room of the school paper. The Journalism department will be located down stairs in some corner of the building, which has not been determined, as yet.

Many innovations are planned. A machine-gunner will be stationed at the front door to mow down any person who attempts to remove his name from the Key-hole Colyum.

The staff plans to present a pair of diamond studded handcuffs to our esteemed Editor, Mr. Pearson, which they will compel him to don every morning. This will, we hope, prevent him from deleting any more of our masterpieces.

As a result, we can promise you, dear students, that our paper will be very, very interesting to say the least.

(Continued on page 200)

Patronize Gateway Advertisers

(Continued from Page 3)

A bar will be found in a small alcove, where depressed students can get themselves a pick-up just before or after a tough class session. Alarm bells, guaranteed to ring at the approach of the Dean, will be placed in strategic spots. Plans allow for at least four fireplaces, and there are niches for a dozen radios which will tune on or off by remote controls built in the lounging chairs.

Spitoons of gleaming brass, ash stands and lighters in the modern mode will be at three foot intervals throughout the room. Chimes will play a funeral march when a class is just commencing. Turkish baths and showers are provided in the basement.

W. A. A. girls will operate the smokeshop just inside the entry hall, the proceeds will send some of their members to the annual convention. The administration has gone to much expense and trouble to provide a smoking room for the students, and they hope the room is better patronized than the study halls have been.

SITUATIONS WANTED

University student desires position as companion to bachelor or young widower.—Maxine Mills.
Young married student desires position as care-taker of small acreage with child's playground.—M. Loder.

Annual Picture Schedule

FRIDAY, APRIL 3

At Science Hall

9:50—Gamma Pi Sigma.
10:10—Chemistry Club.
10:30—Pre-Med Club.

At Jacobs' Hall

12:45—Orchestrals.
1:00—Debate.
1:15—"O" Club.
1:30—Gateway.
1:45—Annual Staff.
2:00—Feathers.
2:15—W. A. A.
2:30-3:00—Sophomores.
3:00-3:30—Freshmen.

Liquor Funds Send Gals To Convention

One hundred thousand dollars has been set aside under the will of Mrs. Joe Doakes, former Sarpy County liquor queen, to start a fund for the Municipal University of Omaha W. A. A. The money will be used to send W. A. A. members to their annual convention.

At first it was thought that the school would refuse the money, considering its source.

"Don't be silly," said Miss Diamond. "Think of all those dances, bridge parties, etc., that we won't have to sponsor to raise money; of course we'll take it." And that settled that.

Surprised Science Students Scream, Suffer Severe Shock; Several Students Suspected

I Saw the Explosion

(Written by a student who was an eye-witness to the catastrophe.)

"Yes, I saw it. It was horrible. First the beautiful Science Hall was there, and then—bing, bing—it was gone. Just like that.

"I was coming home from a bra—, well, I was coming home, and had just leaned against a lamp-post at 24th and Ames, being tired and, oh, so weary, when I noticed a suspicious figure emerging from the shadows. (At first I thought it was two figures—but that was due to something I drank, ate, I mean.)

"Just as I started to go across the street to investigate, the lamp-post moved and sneered at me. It was then that it happened. Bing, bing. It was awful."

PERSONALS

Jeanne: All is forgiven. I now have a car-slug. Come back.—Dutch.
Knipprath: I would like to meet you any dark night. Love.—Bob Frink.
Anyone knowing the address of the bare-back rider at the Shrine Circus, please communicate with me at once.—Kersenbrock.
Lonesome: I will be glad to correspond with anyone between the ages of seven and sixty-three. Care of Muny U.—R. Wemmer.

Dynamite Destroys Dump; Directors Detect Damagers

CLASSES CONTINUE

"I did it and I'm glad of it," shouted Comrade Horace Weaselpuss, '39, student at the Municipal University of Omaha, last night as special police fought their way through a crowd of celebrating students, numbering at least 10,000, and attempted to arrest him for dynamiting Science Hall at 24th and Ames Ave.

Neighbors report that two hours previous to the blast strange figures scurried in and out of the building carrying athletic and laboratory equipment to waiting vans.

At 2 a. m. a tremendous explosion shook the neighborhood. Windows were shattered for blocks around, but no other property damage was reported other than the destruction of Science Hall. Crowds of cheering students poured onto the athletic field and Comrade Weaselpuss sprang to the top of a pile of debris and began haranguing the crowd. Cruiser cars arrived at this point and officers attempted to arrest Comrade Weaselpuss as the ringleader, but they met with some difficulty in interrupting the celebration; so 150 special police were sworn in and sent to the scene.

"Of course, fellows, I'm only a freshman, but I thought the idea up all by myself. I just had to do it, but it's really nothing, anybody would have done it in my place," Weaselpuss said.

At this point police succeeded in breaking through the rioting students and carried the struggling Weaselpuss off to jail.

When interviewed today, Comrade Weaselpuss shouted: "Whatever happens, it was worth it!"

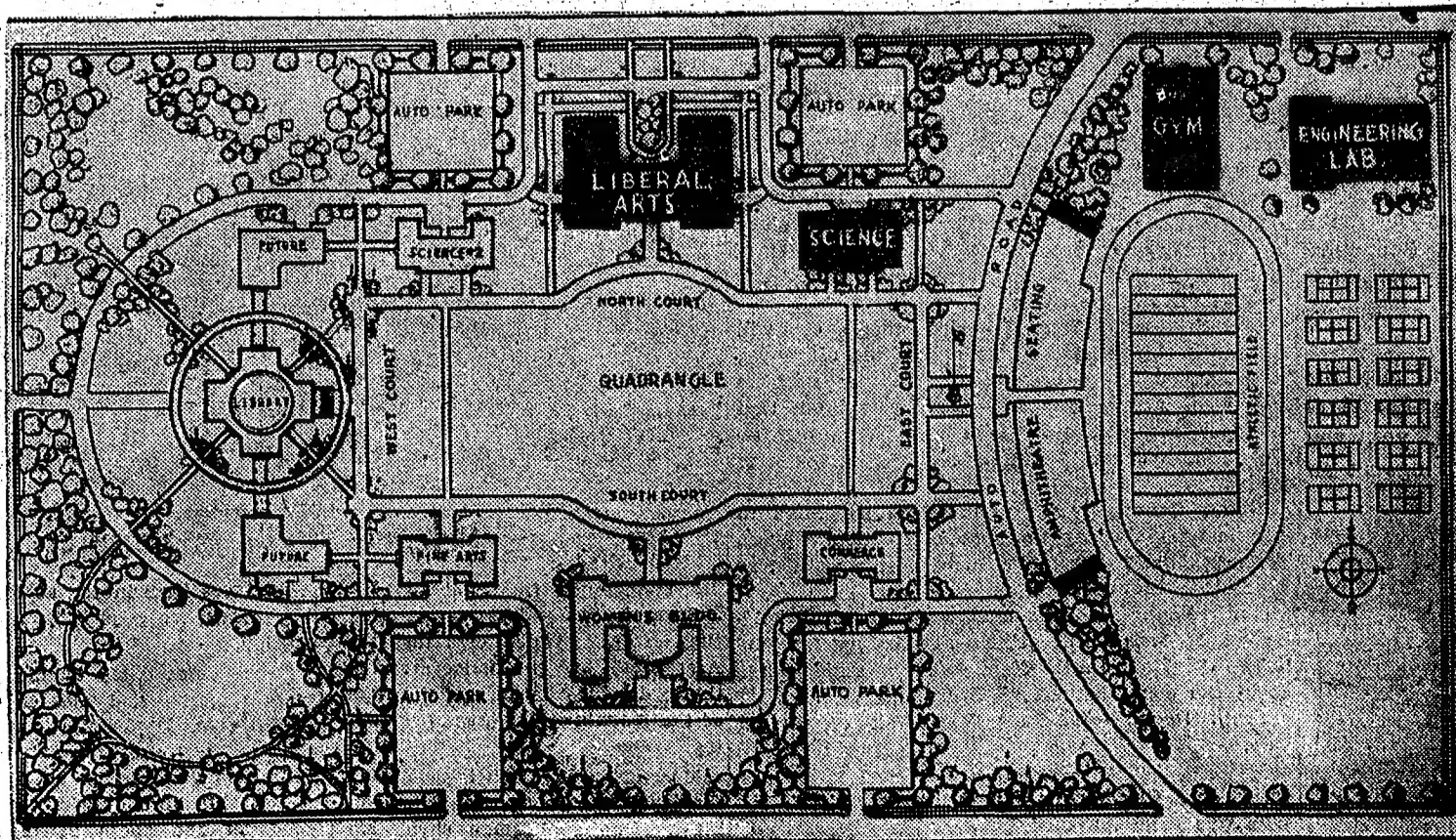
Gazing fondly at a large gold medal bearing the inscription "For You Know What, From You Know Who," he toddled back to his cell.

The House of Frankenstein has long been an eyesore to the students, faculty, administration and the North-Central Association. Today Science students are heaving sighs of relief all over the campus.

The Student Council vigorously denied here today that they had conceived the idea of bombing Science Hall and encouraged Comrade Weaselpuss in his heroic deed. Investigation discloses that one of the Council members, Louis Ruthblin Leigh, formerly known as Comrade Fedor Ruthblinsky Levhi, has cashed dozens of checks signed by that infamous agitator Sonnevitch.

(Continued on Page 2)

Future Municipal U Campus as Visioned by Architects



APRIL FOOL!!

THE GET-AWAY

Student Newspaper Published Under the Authority of
the Board of Student Publications, Municipal
University of Omaha

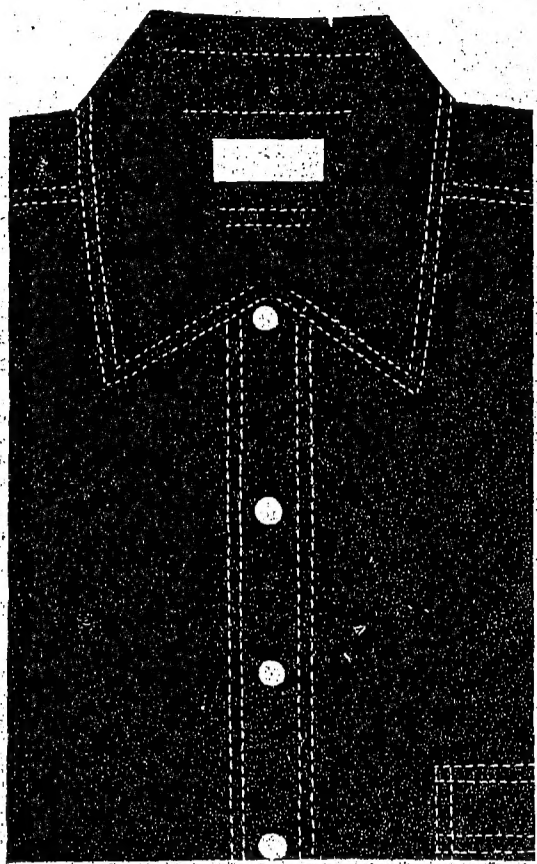
GET-AWAY SNOOPERS

Big Snooper.....John "Put-Put" Pearson
Little Snooper.....Fran "Xenophon" Nelson
Keyhole Snoopers—Blondy Weimer, "No-No" Noe,
Casanova Moore.
Occasional Snooper.....Aphrodite Hartman
Athletic Snooper.....Dutchy Hesler
Art Snooper.....Sonny Maxine
Special Snooper.....Lucky Leo
And All the Little Snoopers—Rosy Prall, Salt Air
Helen, Tinklebell Irene, Fannie the Wit, Peering
Leo, Knipping George, Glassy-Eyed, Frank, Jim
the Mouse, Larry Mane Clark, Freddy the Gull.

GET-AWAY HIGHWAYMEN

Hit and Run.....Messy Bomb
Pick-Em-Up and Run.....Freddy the Gull

STUFFED SHIRT



The stuffed shirt, relegated to the Get-away picture attic, is again brought to the fore in a campaign to induce our readers to do their best to fulfill ancient requirements for Muni Uni students, namely, the filling of said shirt.

It is a bad state of affairs when students are scholars. The harboring of such individuals is as dangerous to a University as the insidious red propaganda which is supposedly being disseminated at this very moment to you occasional attendants at Puny Muni.

Before getting back to the scholars, I might say that the colors of today's rag were purposely chosen. The orange prevented any red-hunters in Omaha swearing out warrants for ye editor, and the yellow stands for the epithets which we also hope to avoid.

Let the stuffed shirt remain. He is the reimbursor of Orenshaw, and the delight of the teachers. What if all students were scholars? The seats would wear out, the library books would crumble, the Bookstore might come out of the red, and sleeping would be done at night instead of during the daytime.

Long live the stuffed shirts, and may the enthusiasm for this Getaway campaign rival the enthusiasm displayed by you, yes, you students, when the dismissal bell rings at an afternoon class.

OUR HERO!!!

An exclusive photo by a Getaway staff photographer of Horace



Weaslepuss, unruffled after a two-hour grilling by the police concerning the bombing of the late Science Hall.

"I am still glad I did it," said Comrade Weaslepuss.



The Council Goes 'Round

The following is a blow by blow (if you get what we mean) description of the Student Council meeting Wednesday noon:

First Round—Gently brushing Leigh's feet off the table, Turner called the meeting together. Leigh insists that Woerner remove his hat in meeting. Anderson and Moucka open lunches and start feinting at each other with sandwiches.

Second Round—Moucka and Anderson still eating. Majors tearfully explains that nobody pays her for annual pictures. Refuses to ask Bill Nelson for 35 cents because she doesn't know him well enough. (This reporter wonders if she knows him a dime's worth.)

Third Round—Moucka misses free throw at basket with lunch papers. Pause in conversation while Leigh and Turner collaborate in flicking matches at the waste basket to impress Moucka. Undaunted, Moucka hits basket squarely with Anderson's lunch papers.

Fourth Round—Anderson deplores the fact that the student body is so careless with its lunch papers. Suggests waste baskets for campus. Woerner points out that a spike on a stick is cheaper. (Ed. Note—Graduate students could use it to gather materials for their theses.) Leigh embarrasses council by suggestion that they do something. They discuss the library problem, but table it as the round closes.

Fifth Round—Moucka and Anderson holding hands. Leigh lights match—everyone watches—Moucka suggests that he reverse ends and let the flame consume it all—Leigh burns fingers and retires to his corner.

Sixth Round—Council plans dance in gym. Suggestion that a small fee of five cents per be charged to finance punch and cookies. Woerner



suggests they charge a dime and spike the punch. Anderson approves. Leigh for the n'th time interrupts to see that the press gets it. It is decided to charge two-bits for two admissions, but Royce Brown stated that it would be better psychology to admit two for nineteen cents, and the rest of the Council jumps at the opportunity to display its flair for said psychology.

Seventh Round—Council decides that a cop will have to be hired as they have used the old dodge of a dancing class too often. Woerner suggests they have a Free For All—Leigh points out that the door-cop will also be a bouncer (secret regrets from Woerner)—Finally decide on a "Sweater Swing."

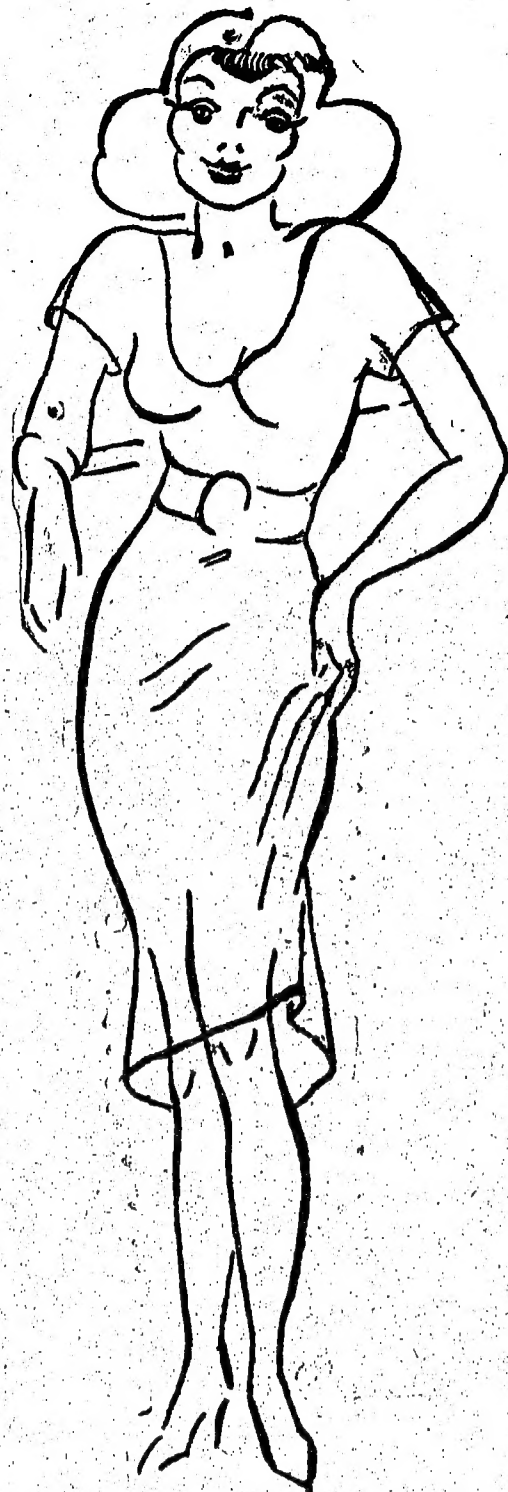
Eighth Round—Brown and Majors appointed to look in on the cooky and punch situation. Brown has many beefs, but makes none of them stick, so he still is the cooky man.

Ninth Round—Moucka and Anderson still holding hands—Leigh still griping and looking for publicity—Tinkham still silent—Brown still beefing about the cooky situation—Everything still.

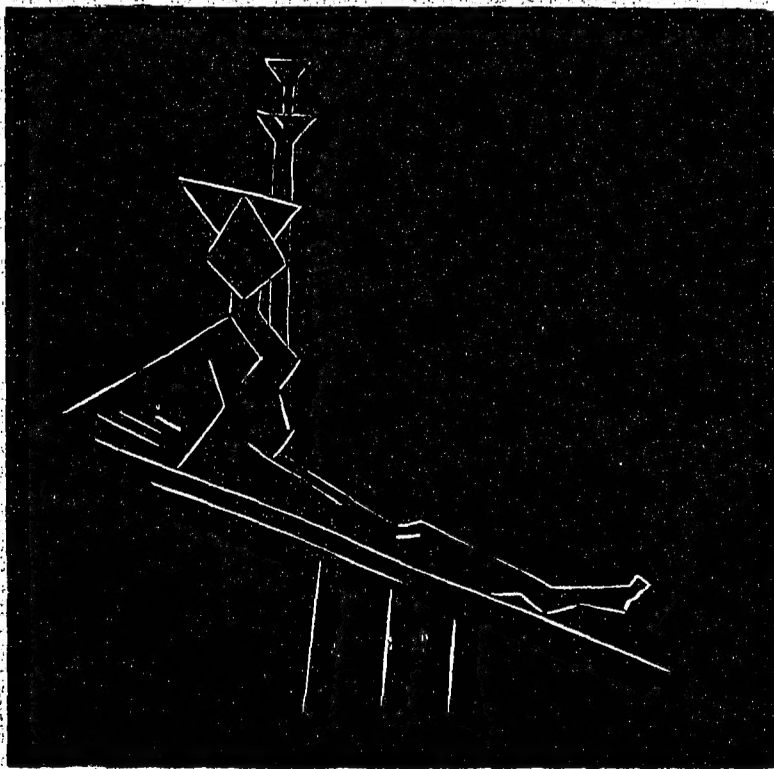
Tenth Round—Wo-Oh-O-Oh—and it comes out here.

There once was a gink named Pearey Who was being pursued by a FAIR-y; Behind a BLACKSTONE he ran; She cried, "Have a HARTMAN." But that's all, 'cause this is the end of the story.

Lulu, The Getaway Secretary



Picture of the Month



Nude Decending the Stairway

By HOWMA DOON

Surprised Science Students Scream

(Continued from Page 1) Several bystanders assert that they saw Comrade Leigh toss the first bomb, but the police arrested the bystanders because of the time of the morning they were bystand-ing.

Moscow today officially denied that they were responsible for the blast. One spokesman shook his head after viewing a picture of Science Hall and stated that they would have spent a goodly sum to

have Science Hall intact, as it was doing them more good in its former condition.

All was quiet today on the University Campus and classes continued as usual despite ominous rumors of another explosion. The administration is taking no chances. Machine guns have been placed on the roofs of the remaining buildings, and special police are keeping the Student Council under close surveillance.

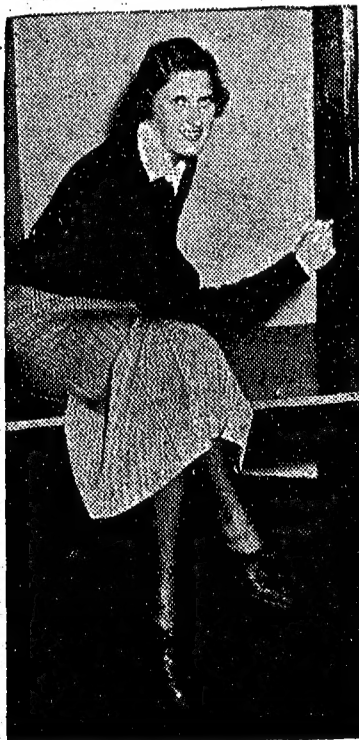
INAUGURATE A UNIQUE PHOTO SERVICE

Many papers bring you Wire-photos—others use the latest in Magic-Eye and Candid Camera shots. But only The Gateway has combined these services into our own exclusive LIAR-PHOTO, TRAGIC-EYE, RANCID-CAMERA picture service.

These pictures were rushed from London to Paris by channel swimmers; from there they were sped to Afghanistan by camel-riders. The Afghanistan Prime Minister threw them in the wastebasket, thus making another great service available for our readers.



IMMIGRANT DEPORTED—Olga Olgavitch, reputed Moscow Red, was awarded a free trip back home by the Department of Justice as a result of her recent propagandizing activities. "If you aren't breeding enough geese, you ain't got the propaganda," she said.—Rancid-Camera Photo.

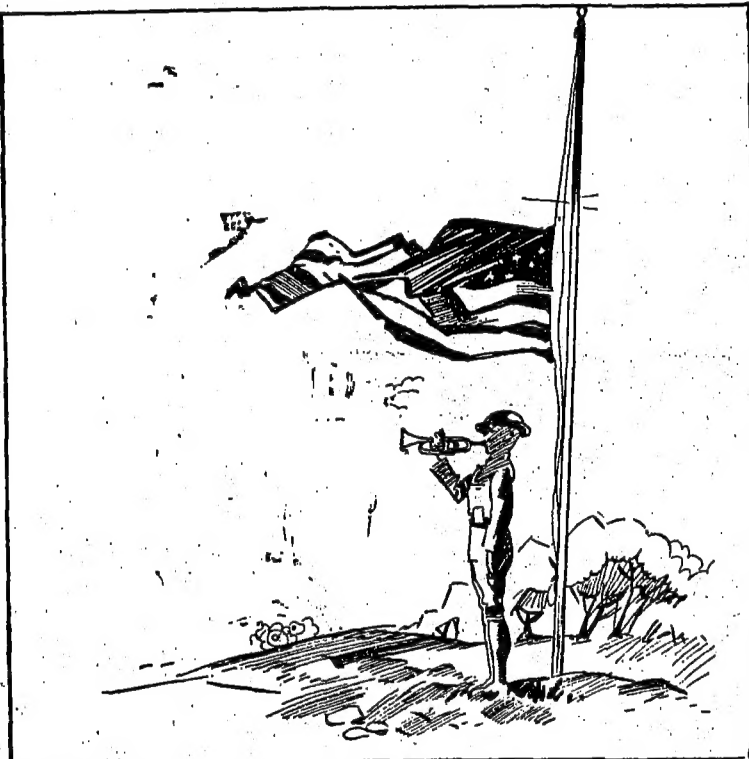


OPPOSES SUFFRAGE—"I'm opposed to women suffrage; we've suffered enough," said Sophie H. Howmydoon, champ flag-pole sitter, after winning the Tri-States and 2 Counties Contest this morning.—Liarphoto Service.

"I hear your wife has walked out because you couldn't stand her talking in her sleep."
"Yes, she's gone home to mutter."



FIGURE IN GAMBLING EXPOSE—Raking in the dough at one of Omaha's pernicious gambling joints were these two lassies when The Gateway crime commission raided the establishment. The raid was a failure—the raiders got took.—Liar-Photo Service.



BONUS BY JULY ¼—FIGHT IN 1965

Comrades, fellow students, citizens, taxpayers and other fish—Join the Omaha Municipal University Chapter of the Veterans of Future Wars.

The W. P. A.'s are getting theirs—the N. Y. A.'s are getting theirs—the American Legion is getting theirs. Join now and get yours with the V. F. W.'s. We want our bonus now and we will fight later—maybe.

Capt.—Boys, the boat is sinking. Is there any one here who knows how to pray?
Parson (eagerly)—I do.
Capt.—All right, you pray; the rest of us will put on life belts. There's one shy.

She—I got a raise this month.
He—Fine. Let's get married or something.
She—Let's get married or nothing.

Patronize Gateway Advertisers

W-A-R

Will Soon Be Over Because They Say:

"We'll be out of the trenches by May 14 in order to attend Omaha University's Ma-ie Day."—B. Mussolini.

"Next week we quit fighting and start rehearsing for our pony chorus in the Omaha University Ma-ie Show."—H. Selassie.

SECOND ANNUAL MA-IE DAY

Music—Dancing—Skits—Fun

Thursday, May 14

Peony Park



PREDICTS WAR—"War within 78 years," is the prophecy of Edgar Albuquerque Grasp, minister without portfolio to Little America, who visited at the University once upon a time.—Rancid-Camera Photo.

Lavish Smoking Parlor Planned

The men's smoking room will cover the entire first floor of the new wing of Joslyn Hall now in process of construction. It will be a simple, unpretentious place about 90x60 feet. The furniture will be of chrome steel and leather upholstery in red and black, the school's colors.

Card tables, billiard tables, ping pong tables, magazine racks of the latest design and containing bound volumes of Esquire, New Yorker and Ballyhoo will be scattered around in convenient corners. There will be a check room, for those students who dislike carrying golf clubs and tennis rackets into their classrooms.

The walls of the smoking parlor will be decorated in onyx and stainless steel. The windows of the room will be of a new material, a glass that permits one to look through the pane and see persons on the outside who can see only themselves reflected, as in a mirror.



GUN MOLLS CAUGHT—Sadie and Lil, notorious gun molls, were captured by police in a raid on the Dillingshaw hangout yesterday. Police are holding them, but may soon let go.—Tragic-Eye Photo.



REFUSES MOVIE OFFER—Kenneth Turnover turned down a Hollywood screen offer this morning. It was made over the telephone and Ken thought the agent was trying to sell him an encyclopedia.—Very-Tragic-Eye Photo.

Kappa Psi Delta Wins Intra-Mural Debaters' Trophy

Kappa Psi Delta won the intra-mural debate championship Friday, and they will be presented with the debate club trophy sometime this week. Although the women did not have the last word they won the debate.

Alpha Sigma Lambda took the affirmative and lost by a 3-0 decision. Beefy Maxwell furnished the backbone for the Alpha Sigs. He spoke glowingly of a simple little fraternity house without servants, and in the next sentence described a fraternity house with a ballroom larger than the Fontenelle's.

Another startling statement was made by Marjorie Williams to the effect that there would be no babies in a fraternity or sorority house—she hoped. Deans Holt, Bradfield and Stevens judged the debate.

Miss Knipprath and Miss Williams debated for the Kappas, Beefy Maxwell and Bob Hadfield represented the Alpha Sigs.

Our Expert Analyzes The Fine Art Of Successful Student Hitch-hiking

By SYLVAN FRANKEL

Did you take a trip last summer? If you didn't, would you like to take one next summer? The facts are very simple and very interesting. All you need to do is hitch-hike.

Now the word hitch-hike can be defined as a walkless hike; or, in other words, hiking while trying to induce another party with a vehicle to share his good fortune with you by giving you a ride. You will find this form very inexpensive and full of adventure,—inexpensive because that is the purpose of the hitch-hike, to get something for nothing,—and full of adventure because of your daring and alertness to become friends with total strangers.

Should Be Clean

Along with your courage you may have filthy clothes and a begrimed face. No one would care to help you if you were in that condition. But, on the other hand, if you were dressed in your Sunday best and your skin was free from the farmer's soil, people would find it a pleasure to help one with such a glistening courage.

You must never be particular about the kind of vehicle that is going to be at your service. The

secret ambition of a hitch-hiker is to get there in shorter time than if he had taken a train. You will find yourself losing both time and courage if you begin to get choosy.

Hitchhiking and Sex

Of course, sex enters into the great field of hitch-hiking, the same as in any other field. The female species will always be able to reach her destination before the male species because the woman seems to hold a tender place in the human heart. A person either feels sorry for her or suddenly gets chivalrous and wishes to become a servant of the weaker sex.

If you have money with you, never let anyone see it; for if your new acquaintance sees that



you have no money and you are hungry, he will probably break down and buy you a hamburger for one of your meals.

Stop Cars With Thumb

Of course, if you are a new-comer to the hitch-hikers' paradise, you will want to try the many different ways of enticing a driver of a vehicle to put you in comfort. The number one way is to walk extremely slow on the right side of the road. Keep looking back constantly. Of course, this will give you a slightly stiff neck, but, then, you can't expect to come out of this adventure without a scratch. As you see a car coming in your direction, you should stop, and take a deep breath, and extend the thumb on the right hand while clenching your fist. When the car is about a hundred feet from you, you should make a sweeping movement with the clenched fist and extended thumb, starting from the left shoulder and the thumb passing directly in front of the point of your nose. By this time the car has just passed. Your clenched fist will be directly in front of your face.

Hand Hides Face

In above described manner the driver of the vehicle cannot see what you look like; so if you have a face that might frighten children, it will not be an obstacle. If the car stops, you immediately rush for the car with your head

down. Don't ever stop to ask questions, but immediately get into the car and then ask your questions. You have now succeeded, and are well on your journey. When you have gone as far as you can with this car, repeat the process until your journey is completed.

Lying In Road Stops Cars

Then there is the same process, only instead of stopping to hail your supposed chauffeur, you continue to walk side-ways and make the same gestures.

There are many odd ways to secure your hitch, such as the following: Lie down in the center of the road. When a car comes along, the driver will stop and jump from his car. This process has been carried out with great success in almost every state of the union.

I believe with this small amount of information you are now ready to take a nice vacation for practically nothing. You will be able to reach almost any destination much more safely than if you used the old-fashion method of "riding the rods." But then, after all, I wouldn't recommend hitch-hiking to you as it is against the law in twenty-eight of the United States.

Hosman Has Hired Bartender Of Old School For Course

The Extension Department of Municipal University announces the inauguration of a new course. The course will be entitled "The Art of Bartending" or "How the Nasty Stuff is Mixed."

Mr. Hosman states that he has secured the services of Prof. Butch Malone, C. B. B. B. (Concoctor of Brain Befuddling Beverages). Prof. Malone is a graduate of the old school, and is credited with the invention of several new drinks, such as "The Knock Me Down and Let Me Lie," "Regurgitation Special" and many others.

This is an excellent opportunity for many students to see what the other side of the bar looks like. The Barroom, we mean Classroom, will be located in the luxurious new smoking room, and there will be Special Police on duty at all times to maintain the dignity of the School.

Perhaps it would be well to mention that the Administration is planning on installing mattresses under the tables for the comfort of the patrons, and we'll be seein' you there.

Hickory, dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And the other one got down safely.

Patronize Gateway Advertisers.



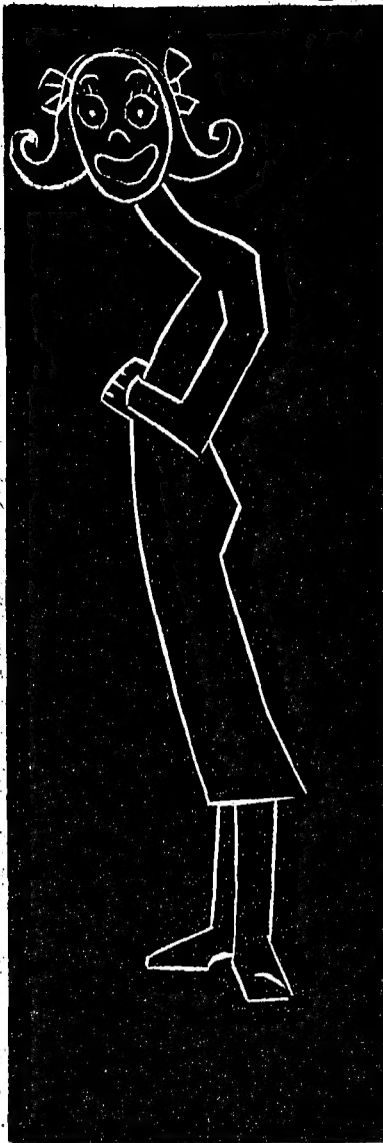
*I wouldn't give
that for a cigarette
that doesn't Satisfy
...that doesn't give me
what I want in a smoke*

I want my cigarette mild, of course—I hardly think anybody enjoys a strong cigarette. But deliver me from the flat, insipid kind.

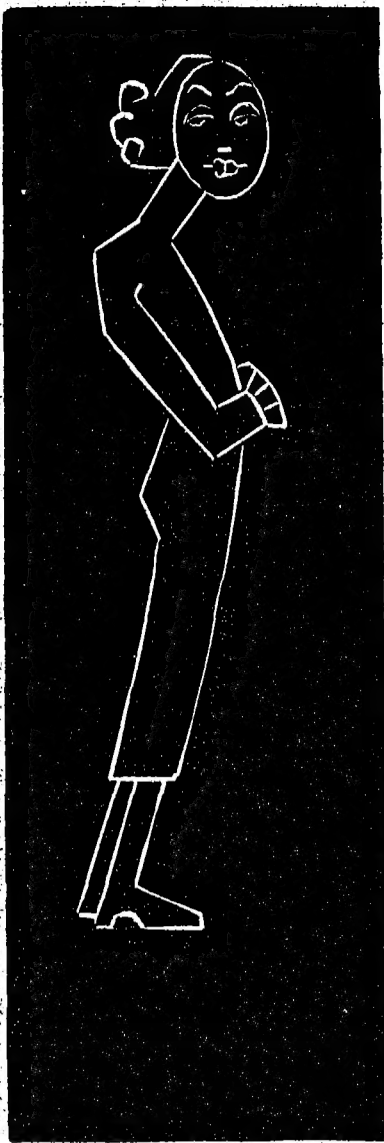
I find a great deal of pleasure in Chesterfields. They're mild and yet they seem to have more taste and aroma. I enjoy them.

*They Satisfy... just about
all you could ask for*

Campus Belles



Ding, like her name, is slightly dingy in the belfry—wide mouth indicates gayety, goo-goo stare calculated to kill or cure, bows in hair designate she likes bows—she wants a beau?—or she's a good bowler? Lean and hungry look indicates she'll literally consume food on dates—has that University twist.



Dong has all the ding dinged out of her. Half shut eyes denote she was out late last night—sleeps on curlers and pops her gum—gets good grades by calling the prof "toots"—also has that University twist. Usually dates big he-men and talks baby talk to them.

By Maxine Sunderman

Patronize Gateway Advertisers

BIRCHWOOD CLUB

The "Home Like Club"

Facilities For
DINNERS, DANCES, PARTIES
Stags and What Have You
No Matter What Size Your Party
We Invite Your Consideration
BIRCHWOOD
27th and Redick.
PHONE KE. 4000

IF YOU HAVE
BETTER LIGHT



Nebraska Power Co

Forlorning's

By "LARRY-MANE" CLARK

In response to my ad in The Getaway, I have secured many letters from students who have been bitten by the Love Bug, and who tearfully request that I delve down into my wealth of experience and give them some advice on various and sundry matters. I present, herewith, some of the letters and my answers to them.

LARRY MANE.

Dear Larry Mane:

The distance between Lincoln and Omaha is so far. Won't somebody do something about it so that our boy-friends can come in oftener than week-ends?

J. JONES and D. SHEPARD.

Dear J. J. and D. S.:

You poor little lambs. Larry Mane's heart aches for you. Life is real and life is earnest and 60 miles is 60 miles, so this is a difficult and real problem. Here is my advice: Tell your boy friends of the many advantages we can give them here at Muni Uni and if that doesn't convince them—there are some very lovely young men here at home.

Yours truly,

LARRY MANE.

Dear Mangy:

My boy friend can really make love, no foolin', but every time he says "I love you," he lisps. This is very annoying.

DIMPLES.

Dear Dimples:

If you are sure he can really make love in a ROMANTIC manner, send me his name and address. I am not particular about his enunciation.

LARRY MANE.

Dearest Larry:

I have read your advice to the lovelorn column for several months, and feel that you and I were meant for each other. Are you a man or a woman?

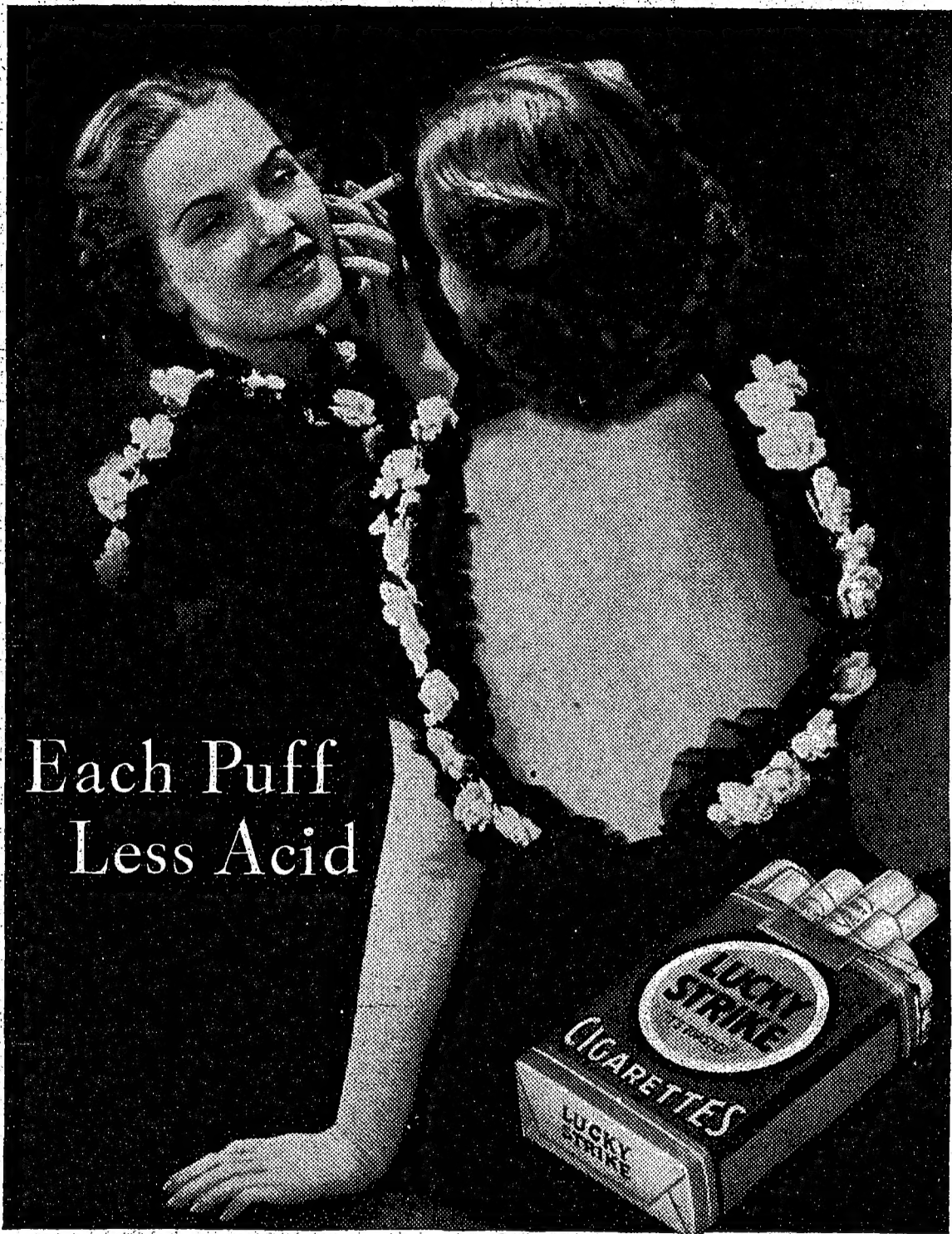
DON PETERSEN.

Dear Don:

You dear boy. Yes, I am a woman, with a woman's understanding heart. I am very, very sorry to disappoint you, but I love another.

Regretfully,
MISS LARRY MANE.

JOSTEN'S
Manufacturers of
Treasure-Craft Jewelry
and Stationery
TED KOLDERIE
316 So. 50th St. Omaha



Each Puff
Less Acid

A LIGHT SMOKE OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO

Although the constituents of cigarette paper are, in themselves, unsurpassed in purity and wholesomeness, it may, if crudely fabricated, contribute a marked degree of irritation to cigarette smoke. Cigarette paper not only envelops the tobacco in forming a cigarette, but through its physical properties may ex-

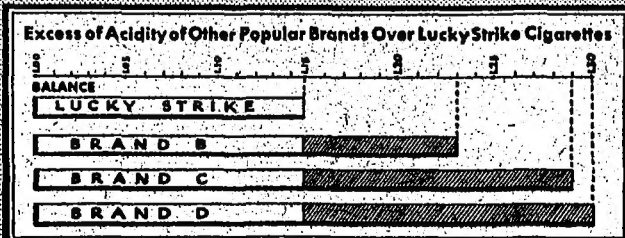
ercise a favorable or detrimental influence upon the products of combustion.

Paper for Lucky Strike Cigarettes is made under our own supervision. Samples of each lot of cigarette paper manufactured are subjected to the most rigid analysis before it is used in making Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

Copyright 1936,
The American Tobacco Company

Luckies are less acid

Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%.



*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

Luckies — "IT'S TOASTED"
Your throat protection — against irritation
— against cough

Not Wanted; No Reward Offered



TOMMY GUN THOMPSON

Genius gone wrong. This famous criminal is elusive "Slippery Tommy." The high forehead denotes a powerful, but misdirected mind. Was accused of forging senators' signatures on envelopes and using them instead of stamps for his personal mail.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Nice, young girl to keep house for twelve students. Experience preferred, but not necessary. Apply Poverty Flats.

Beautiful farm girl, if possible, from Bloomfield, Nebr.—M. Boldenow.

Someone to control my jealous temper when Bob Lehmer is seen with someone else.—Ellnor Johnson.

Beautiful, experienced blonde bubble dancer to entertain actives during dinner-dance.—Alpha Sigs.

Experienced attorney to explain my chiseling to Dex Nygaard.—Elaine Coulter.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Wanted: Secretary to aid me in keeping my many, many dates straight.—M. Corrington.

Wanted: Some nice young stupe with lots of nickels to keep victrola in Hash House running. No reference necessary.—Lil Anderson.

Wanted: Everyone to let me run the bookstore.—Hargrove.

Wanted: Not so many cracks about "Me and My Gal."—Moucka.

Wanted: Someone to write and ask me something about love. I can tell you anything you want to know.—Finklestein.

Wanted: To know if a certain member of The Gateway staff can't keep his Max and Max combination straight.—Mills and Randle.

Tippy: Were those dish towels you were hanging on the line last week?—Arden Admirers.

Penney: We're hearing you're competition for us. Beware!—The Keyhole.

The distance between Lincoln and Omaha is so far, won't somebody do something about it so the boy-friends can come in oftener than week-ends?—J. Jones and D. Shepherd.

Darling: I love you so much. Please come home to "papa" and promise never to go home to your mama again.—A. Fool.

Sign on filling station—

LADIES' REST ROOM

DRIVE IN

WASHING AND GREASING



LOUIS THE BARBER

This man is wanted in Omaha on suspicion of teasing small children by dropping boulders upon them from hotel windows. He received his nickname from the many trimmings and clippings he hands out.



HARRIPONE

Former beer baron, and Omaha's rival for Al Capone's title of America's most famous citizen. Conives with such low-lifers as Congressmen, college professors, and salaried amateur athletes. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will please get in touch with proper authorities. He is accused of selling "watered quality" goods to students.

"This is the nuts," said the illiterate squirrel as he dug up his winter's food supply.

"CELLOPHANE KEEPS IT FACTORY FRESH"



She—Sometimes you seem so manly and other times absurdly effeminate. Why is it?

He—Hereditly. You see, half my ancestors were men and the other half women.

Witness—I swear he is the man who saved me from shame.

Judge—How chivalrous! What did he do?

Witness—He loaned me a safety pin.

"When a woman keeps an engagement with me, I throw myself at her feet."

"Are you so grateful a lover?"

"No, I'm a chiropodist."

The Nebraska

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